

THE
NEW-YORK
WEEKLY MUSEUM,
OR
POLITE REPOSITORY
OF
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

VOL. II.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1815.

NO. 17.

Robert the Brave.

(Continued.)

THE victory did not long continue doubtful : it was gained by Raymond, and his judgment enabled him to make the utmost advantage of it. The enemy was forced on every side, retired in the utmost confusion, and was utterly unable to attempt any new attack till he had repaired his losses.

The war, however, was not terminated for some time, and combats were frequently repeated ; but the count of Toulouse, aided by the valour, and sometimes by the counsel, of the two friends, continually triumphed. His assailant was compelled to receive the law of the conqueror : and Raymond saw the number of his vassals and the wealth of his domains considerably increased.

This prince, too great not to render a just homage to heroism, declared openly that it was to the valour of Robert and Roger that he was indebted for the greatest part of his success. He was the more earnestly desirous to

prove to them his gratitude, as all their ambition seemed to be limited to meriting his esteem ; and this noble disinterestedness rendered them in his eyes still more deserving of reward. He therefore thus addressed them in the presence of his whole court :

‘ Your valour has acquired me so much glory and riches, that it is but just I should bestow on you the part to which you have such an indubitable right. No longer conceal your birth ; it cannot but be illustrious—I only desire to know it that I may invest you with certain fiefs, by which I wish to attach you to my states.’

‘ My lord,’ immediately replied Robert, ‘ the esteem with which you honour us is the greatest reward we can wish. The praise you have bestowed on us is an assurance to us that we have acquired glory. Yet my companion in arms and myself think we are still far from having completed the course, and reached the goal we proposed to ourselves to attain. When you question us concerning our birth you remind us that it is still necessary that it should be illustrious, to just-

tify your generous gifts. Permit us not to accept them till we shall have signalised ourselves still more by our achievements, and it shall no longer be necessary that we should derive glory from our ancestors.'

Raymond could not but admire the noble spirit of this refusal.

'It is my duty, (said he, in reply,) to fulfil my promise. I will not ask you what was the rank of your fathers : but on your return you must yield to the most valuable of my rights, that of proving my gratitude and rewarding courage. The rewards I mean to bestow are not gifts, I only wish to present you with a small part of what your courage has conquered.'

At these words, Robert and Roger, penetrated with the most lively admiration and the most profound respect, embraced the knees of the count of Toulouse, and no longer refused to accept his benefactions.

While the two friends every day gained to themselves new admiration and esteem at the brilliant court of the illustrious Raymond, the anger of the father of Roger began to abate of its violence. In the first moments of his indignation the severe character of the count had prevented him, in some manner, from feeling any regret. He had for a considerable time entertained the hope that he should soon see his son return and implore his clemency at his feet : but after long and fruitless expectation, indignant at his silence, he had, as it were, commanded himself to forget him. He would permit no person to pronounce his name in his presence ; and several months had already elapsed, when the uneasiness which he could not overcome,

and the solitude with which he was surrounded, began to weigh heavily on his heart. Nature resumed her rights, and a thousand painful reflections attacked him in despite of himself, as the cause of the continual tears which he saw the countess shed, and could not refrain from, mingling with them his own. A kind of general consternation seemed to pervade all his domains. His melancholy vassals kept a mournful silence, and the eyes of all seemed sorrowfully to interrogate him concerning his son. His disquietude and grief continually increased, and he was at length unable any longer to combat the emotions of his heart. He resolved therefore, to endeavour to discover and recall the fugitive ; but he promised himself not to pardon him but on condition that he should acknowledge his fault, and solemnly abjure at his feet the weakness which had rendered him so culpable.

As soon as he had taken the resolution to relax in his severity, he sent off one of his esquires for the court of France, with letters for his son, in which he permitted him to hope for his pardon, if he punctually fulfilled his orders. He commanded him immediately to leave the two culpable vassals, who had dared to favour his flight, and return with the esquire whom he had sent for him.

The emissary of the count, after many fruitless researches, returned at length with information that Roger had never made his appearance at the court of France, and that he had not been able to discover any thing which would point out the way he had taken, or show where he was. This intelligence greatly aggravated the grief

which preyed on the heart of the countess; but it only excited anew the indignation of the count. His son, in choosing an asylum, had not been guided by what he knew to be his wish. He, doubtless, only concealed himself the more effectually to withdraw himself from his authority. He now was resolved to think only of punishing him: to yield would be to share his crime. He answered only by stern looks to the tears which he saw shed; and the mother of Roger herself dared not intercede for her son. Robert became more than ever an object of hatred; and the unhappy Elvige, shut up in the tower, would have been ignorant of what was passing around her, had not her attendant and faithful friend informed her of all the particulars she was able to learn. She placed all her hopes in the assiduous services which Robert would no doubt render to Roger; and the rigour of her fate, and the pains of absence, were assuaged, as often as she retraced the features of him she loved.

While the father of Roger made efforts to forget his son, the count of Toulouse every day derived new advantages from his services and those of Robert, and frequently experiencing his zeal and his ability, he employed him in expeditions equally important and perilous, which were constantly crowned with victory. The name which Robert had chosen at the time of his arrival at Toulouse was already become illustrious and celebrated. Roger had accompanied him in all his dangers: but, faithfully adhering to the plan he had formed to compel all eyes to be fixed on his companion, he constantly honoured him as his leader

and chief: and by his example prevented the other warriors, whose achievements had not been more brilliant than his own, from attempting to dispute pre-eminence with him.

The count of Toulouse, convinced that riches were not a sufficient reward for the two strangers agreed to testify his gratitude and esteem, in a manner conformable to their wishes, by arming them knights, without requiring them to reveal the secret of their birth. He wished thus to prove to all the world that they owed to their illustrious deeds alone the honour of being raised to this exalted rank.—He proposed to give the greatest splendor and solemnity to this ceremony: but, before it took place, he appointed Robert to conduct a new expedition.

One of the most powerful and enterprising of the castellains of his states, after having for a long time exercised his patience, forced him to exert against him the whole extent of his power and all the severity of the laws. This knight, too ambitious and eager to increase his domains, did not hesitate to employ the most unjust and violent means to attain his end. The law of force and courage appeared to him the only one which was to be respected. Rendered by success unboundedly presumptuous and arrogant, and being possessor of a castle which he considered as impregnable, he showed not the least deference to the wise and moderate counsels which were frequently given him by the count of Toulouse. He had even carried his audacity so far as to threaten to ravage the domains of the count himself, if he attempted to defend those whom he chose to attack. L

beral to profusion towards those who enrolled themselves under his banner, he had collected a body of troops extremely formidable, and every day new petitioners implored the justice and protection of the count of Toulouse against this destructive scourge of their possessions and their tranquillity.

Raymond, considering it as his sacred duty to repress and remedy these multiplied enormities, had assembled his barons, and summoned the castellan to appear at his court, to give an account of his conduct, and hear the sentence which should enjoin him to make reparation for the numerous acts of injustice of which he had been guilty. A refusal to obey this order, conveyed in the most insolent and provoking terms was the only answer the castellan returned: the barons, therefore, after having adjudged him guilty of felony, declared all his possessions forfeited, authorised the count of Toulouse to re-annex them to his domains, and engaged to assist him to make war on and subdue this refractory subject, who had at once violated the laws of natural justice, and rebelled against the authority of his legitimate sovereign.

The generous Raymond had appointed Robert to this expedition only in the persuasion that, at the same time that he afforded him an opportunity to acquire new glory, he should give him the right to take the spoil of the conquered enemy. He confided to his command a numerous body of troops, with orders to seize immediately by force on all the possessions of the castellan.

The two friends were never separated: they marched together to exe-

cute the orders they had received. The extreme promptitude with which Robert had surrounded the castle, and the excellent disposition he made of his troops, rendered it impossible that the castellan should receive any succours. The latter, however, aware that he should not always be permitted to commit acts of injustice with impunity, had provided himself with provisions sufficient for several months. Robert, who entertained no doubt that this precaution had been taken, resolved to employ the most effectual methods to reduce an enemy whom he considered as the most flagitious of men, since he only employed his courage, his riches, and the advantages he derived from birth, in acts of oppression and rapine.

The first care of the two friends was to reconnoitre all the passages by which it was possible to approach the castle, and they soon were compelled to acknowledge that nature and art had united to render them impossible to be forced. Robert, solicitous to spare the blood of his brave warriors, would not expose them to useless combats. He threw up, therefore, in front of the passages to the castle, intrenchments sufficiently strong to guard against surprise. He foresaw that such a precaution would more distress his enemy than an attack by open force, as it would show him that he must remain shut up in his castle till want of provisions should compel him to submit to the clemency of the conqueror.

(To be continued.)

The jealous are troublesome to others, but a torment to themselves.

THE BRIEF REMARKER.

THERE are none of the inferior animals that come into the world so helpless and continue helpless for so great a length of time, as the human progeny. The younglings of the lower part of the animal creation are endowed with strength and activeness, and in many instances, with a sagacity that astonishes the beholder and sets his philosophy at defiance. Very shortly they quit the dam and become their own providers. But the infant is puling in the mother's arms for many months and dependant on parental care for as many years.

Is this remarkable circumstance in the economy of nature, meant to be a burden, or a blessing? A blessing doubtless. Because, in the helpless condition of the infant, which continues so long dependant on others, is laid the groundwork of the social ties. We learn first to shew pity or benevolence at home. It is there that the social principles of our nature ordinarily are first put in exercise and drawn forth into practice.

The keystone of the fabric of society is laid in marriage, and the strong pillars of the superstructure are established in infancy. The helpless progeny—for a long while helpless—incessantly occupy the kind attentions of the parents, who are the more attached to their fondlings from the very circumstance of their impotent weakness and utter dependance. The mother in particular, how cheerfully she forgoes her accustomed amusements and pastimes, and how constantly she confines herself to the charge of her infantile brood. With what unspeakable tenderness does she nourish and cherish them and

watch over them, both day and night. With what heartfelt joy does she perceive in them the dawnings of reason, and listen to their lisping prattle. And if too discreet to blaze abroad their little feats of activity, their pertinent questions, and their witty remarks—so much beyond the ordinary condition of their age—yet all these she treasures up in her heart:—and in that fond heart are continually blooming new prospects, new hopes, and new joys.

The affection of parents for their infantile progeny, is a species of affection that belongs to our universal nature. Whether in the civilized or in the savage state, in every clime, and among all the tribes of man, parents love their children. This primary human affection was exercised as soon as men began to multiply upon the earth; and ever since that period, it has been a ruling passion, every where, and under all the different modifications of society; and though, strictly speaking, it is not of itself a moral virtue, yet to be without it, is to be a monster.

On the other hand, the long term of the infantile dependant condition of children, is what chiefly generates filial affection, accompanied with respect, reverence, and obedient dispositions. What if the human offspring, like the young partridge or quail, could shift for themselves almost as soon as born? What if they could presently become their own protectors and their own providers? Small, if any, would be their regard for their parents: feeble, if any, would be the ties of filial love. But, by means of their long condition of dependence and tutelage, there are superinduced in their minds sentiments

and habits of love, respect and submissiveness, sentiments and habits which seldom wear off in the succeeding periods of life, but are carried into society with unspeakable benefit.

On the same ground rests the whole fabric of education. The child, conscious of weakness and utmost dependence, finds none on earth to look to for protection, food and raiment, but the tender and ever attentive parents;—who of course, in *his* estimation, are of pre-eminent wisdom and worth. Hence he receives their instructions into willing ears, hearkens to their advice, and treasures up their precepts in his memory. In their hands he is capable, in some important respects, of being moulded like soft wax.

Thus every family is of itself a little government. Every family is, also, a little academy, in which education, good or ill, has its beginning. Clusters of families form a particular society; and clusters of societies form a commonwealth or nation, which is exalted by righteousness, or debased by vice, in proportion as the discipline of the general mass of the families that compose it, is good or bad.

[*Con. Courant.*]

APOLOGUE.

Showing the difficulty, if not impossibility, of pleasing every taste.

A certain Swiss, who had heard how many of his countrymen had come to London poor, and returned into their own country rich, determined likewise to try his fortune; and as he understood success in that city frequently depended more upon a foreign name, or a quaint title, than merit, he had

the precaution to pay attention to this circumstance; because, though in its own nature insignificant, if not ridiculous, it was yet necessary. He had been *premier cuisinier*, or first cook to a French count, where he got much honour but little wages; he therefore determined to take a house in the city, keep an ordinary and call it a *Table d'Hôte*. To London, then, he comes, and puts his design in practice. All the world is informed that *Monsieur de Tripôt* is become *traiteur*, and keeps a *Table d'Hôte*; and all the world, hearing such a string of fine words, were curious to learn something more of the man. Accordingly, the first day his cloth was laid, a numerous set of customers came in; and as London is fuller of strangers than any other city of the world, he had had guests of all nations. Our Swiss who expected a good company, had provided plentifully: there were roast and boiled, fish and flesh, wild fowl and tame, puddings and pies; nay, there were *patées*, ragouts, and *olios*, for the nicer palates; besides turtle-soup, and marrow puddings for the citizens.

Monsieur de Tripôt, who had a laudable ambition to please, and was internally satisfied of the exertions he had made, came up when dinner was over, (for on this important day he forbore to sit at table himself) hoping to receive the thanks of his customers: and, indeed, it must be owned they all fed heartily; and some few shook him by the hand, and thanked him for his good dinner. The greater part, however, said nothing; as it is really some trouble to bestow praise, and one gets nothing by it. But there were others who were absolutely dissatisfied. A

Tartar complained his favourite dish was not there, not so much as a rasher of mutton's flesh to be had: an Arabian murmured that there were no grilled locusts in the desert; a Frenchman repeated *Sacristi! Diable! and Sacre Dieu!* with the utmost vehemence, because he could get no fricaseed frogs; and there was a vile Hottentot, who gave himself to all the devils of Teneriffe if there was a single eatable morsel on the table, not a bit of raw cat-gut could he find; there was, 'tis true, tripe and chitterlings, but they were cooked in such a cleanly way, they had lost all relish. Our good Swiss was at first a little mortified to meet dissatisfaction, when he had laboured so hard for praise; but a little experience convinced him this was a grievance to which, as long as he catered for the public, he must ever be subject. However, it was some consolation to him that their practice of coming to his house proved that they held his ordinary to be a good one.

THE SILENT GIRL,

BECOMES A TALKATIVE WIFE.

"Silence is the exstatic bliss
Of souls, that by intelligence converse"

So common is the desire of having a quiet humble fool for a wife, that a gentleman in the Highlands of Scotland, a learned doctor of the laws, who had studied more books than the human heart, imagined that he wanted a wife, but then he must have one that would not talk much.

Accordingly he looked out for a stupid and ignorant woman, because he had laid it down as an incontrovertible maxim, that a sensible, well-informed woman would necessarily talk him to

death. Having examined, for some time, his various female acquaintance, he at length pitched upon the youngest daughter, out of five, of a neighbouring gentleman. This girl was seldom or ever heard to utter a single syllable, but sat in solemn silence during the whole time that all her family, that is, her mother and her elder sisters, who were supposed to have a great deal more sense, were talking away with all their might.

The good doctor intimated to the mother, that he wished to have her daughter Nancy as his wife. The mother was not sorry to hear this, for she had a large family, and could not give them much fortune; wherefore, she, at once, told the profound suitor, that he should have Nancy. She immediately apprized the girl of the intended manœuvre, and without more ado, this happy couple were united in the bands of wedlock.

The bridegroom had not been married a full week, before he went, with a doleful face of complaint to the mother, setting forth, that her daughter's *tongue was never at rest, excepting the few hours in twenty-four when she slept*; and begged earnestly to know what could be done, for that he was prevented from studying, from thinking; in a word, from doing any single thing which might procure him ease and comfort, and that he verily believed he should *shortly be killed by his wife's confounded clack*.

The mother, who was a prudent woman, replied: "My dear doctor, your good sense and great learning should have pointed out all this to you before. My daughter Nancy is a very weak and ignorant girl, therefore

will *naturally* talk whenever she has an opportunity, *for those who think least generally talk the most.* But while she was at home, her eldest sister and I, well knowing that if she opened her mouth, nothing but nonsense and childish folly would come out of it, always gave her a strict charge to be silent *till she was married or she would never get a husband.* The girl therefore, is not to blame ; she cannot, owing to her dullness and ignorance, be expected to be able to derive any comfort from *silence*, because only those who can *think*, that is those *who have cultivated minds can enjoy silence* ; and as she has been forced to hold her tongue so long, she is now in the right, that she has a fair opportunity, to make all the use of it she can.

"Depend upon it, sir, a foolish and an ignorant woman is never quiet, if she can help it ; and as she knows nothing, she must talk nonsense ; and this is so obvious to the plainest understanding that I wonder *learned men* have never yet found it out. We women know very well, that in proportion as our minds are cultivated, we have resources in ourselves, and can enjoy *silence* ; but when we know nothing, and have nothing to say, we must be always talking. Had you not chosen to yourself, and pitched upon the weakest and most silly of all my daughters, but had told me that you wanted a companion for life, and asked me which of my girls was the most likely to render a man happy and respectable, I would have told you, at once, that my second daughter, Betsy, was the woman, *because she has the most sense.*"

THE WELSH FIFER.

From Lipscomb's Journey into South Wales in the year 1799.

The exterior of the church (of Presteign, Radnorshire) has nothing about it very ancient, very curious, nor very attractive. We walked in the churchyard, where, in their unadorned turfy bed,

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet slept."

Among them lies poor Tom Rogers, a fifer in the Radnorshire militia, who was found dead in the snow last winter.

I cast a farewell look on his grave: remembered the lively notes of his life, contrasted with the weather beaten aspect of the old soldier ; and gave him a sigh of regret.

The last time I saw poor Tom, he was engaged in a musical competition with the fifiers of several other regiments, in which he gained the prize ; for as a fifer he was unrivalled. May heaven be the reward he now enjoys—the reward of his honest fidelity !

There was, something singular in this man's fate.

The poor fellow, after more than 50 years service, had obtained his discharge with the benefit of a Chelsea pension : he was journeying towards his native hills, and within sight of the town of Presteign, not half a mile from his home, he perished in the snow !

The morning had seen him, blithe as the lark of summer ; it was greeted with the melody of his pipe—the evening closed upon him, a bleak and stiffened corpse.

"In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire bright blazing and the vestment
warm ;

In vain his little children, peeing out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their sire
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas !
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he be-
 hold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every
 nerve
 The deadly winter seizes ; shuts up sense :
 And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corpse
 Stretched out, and bleaching in the north-
 ern blast."

Poor Tom had once scraped togeth-
 er a few shillings, the economy of a
 soldier ! and in order to do so, had
 nearly starved himself. He fell sick ;
 his life was despaired of. The surgeon
 told D——s, the most generous-heart-
 ed officer in the service, " Poor Tom
 Rogers is dying : " the nurse went fur-
 ther, " he is dead," said she. D——s
 gave a last glance at the honest fifer,
 and thought that the thread of life
 might yet be spliced ; he thought that
 a latent spark might still exist, and
 knowing that if Tom was dead the re-
 medy he was about to try could do no
 harm, forced some brandy down his
 throat. He recovered, and lived to
 thank his benefactor. " God bless
 your honor," said he, " and I hope, if
 ever I die again, it will be by your
 honor's side and that you will not let
 me be buried without trying another
 drop of brandy."

Three years rolled away, the gener-
 ous D——s left the regiment, went to
 reside at Presteign, and was accident-
 ally one of the first spectators of the
 poor man's fate ; but life was now com-
 pletely extinguished, and every effort
 to recover him proved ineffectual.

Farewell ! my honest soldier : may
 the green turf lie lightly on thy head !

THE WIDOW.

HAIL ! thou fostering nurse of the
 wretched ; the divine accents of whose
 tongue pour balm into the bleeding
 wounds of misery ! Thou, whom po-
 ets have defined to be clad in bright
 ethereal robes, and with eyes, whose
 lustre resembles the dew-drop when
 brightened by the ray of Phœbus !—
 Thou, who leadest Charity to the spot
 were Poverty, pinched by hunger,
 " bides the pelting of the pitiless
 storm" of adversity ! To thee, O Pity !
 I call : and may thy soft vibrations
 never be wanting to infuse in my breast
 the emotions of Philanthropy ?

" Pity the misfortunes of a poor dis-
 tressed widow !" exclaimed a feeble
 voice to the busy crowds as they pas-
 sed her ; I turned round, and fixed my
 eyes on the suppliant, who was cloth-
 ed in rags, and lay stretched on the
 cold pavement. Her languid head
 was supported on the palm of her right
 hand, while her left held out the re-
 mains of a hat, to receive the bounty
 of some generous stranger ; a few grey
 hairs scattered around her temples,
 bespoke her fast advancing towards
 the last stage of life ; and a tear that
 trickled down her furrowed cheek told
 me, in silent, though expressive lan-
 guage, that her journey had been a wea-
 risome one ; yet though on her counte-
 nance was visibly portrayed the traces
 of heavy care, never did the palate of
 the graceful Corregio give to sorrow a
 more resigned aspect than I traced in
 the features of this poor outcast of
 society : she was, to use the language
 of the poet of nature, " Patience smil-
 ing at grief." Of the many who passed
 her, few, very few, seemed to feel the

impulse of pity, and deign to bestow the fostering boon of charity; and wilt thou too Yorick (said a something in my bosom, as I surveyed the miserable object before me)—wilt thou, who hast so oft felt for the wants of thy fellow-creatures more than thy own, refuse now the scanty pittance? No! a nobler sentiment than avarice now animates my feelings. I took out my purse, and threw the little it contained into the lap of the poor widow; her eyes, as she raised them to me, seemed to beam with gratitude, but the inward tumults of her heart denied her utterance. "Never," said I, resuming my walk, "may I think the purchase dear; if, by bestowing a few pence on the unfortunate, it enables me to place a smile in their dejected features!"

VARIETY.

A CHILD OF STRAW.

Friday William Read, jun. one of the Police officers of Hatton Garden, took a woman into custody in the act of begging from door to door in that street, telling a most deplorable tale of distress to excite compassion for herself and her poor fatherless infant, which she carried wrapped up close to her bosom; on the officer taking her into custody, in order to bring her before the Magistrates, she struggled hard to make her escape, but in her struggles she unfortunately dropped her child; but lo, it turned out to be a bundle of straw carefully wrapped up, so as to represent an infant with a cap on; this discovery caused a hearty laugh, and the imposter, at the intercession of

some ladies, was suffered to depart, on her promising the officer she would not be guilty of the like offence in future.—*Lond. Pap.*

WIT.

A certain Barrister, having a louse on his face, in Court, Mr. Curran took notice of it to him; the other pettishly answered, "surely, Curran, you Joke." Joke, sir, cried Curran, if you have many such *Jokes* as that in your head, I would advise you to *crack* them immediately.

AN UGLY WIFE OR A GIBBET.

The following amusing anecdote is copied from a MS. sheet of the Border antiquities of England and Scotland, which is now in progress of publication, and to which Mr. Walter Scott is a contributor:

"In the 17th century, the greater part of the property lying upon the river Ettricke, belonging to Scott of Harden, who made his principal residence at Oakwood Tower, a border-house of strength still remaining upon that river. William Scott, (afterwards Sir William) son of the head of this family, under took an expedition against the Murrays, of Elibank, whose property lay at a few miles distant. He found his enemy upon their guard, was defeated and made prisoner in the act of driving off the cattle, which he had collected for that purpose. Our hero, Sir Gideon Murray, conducted his prisoner to the castle, where his lady received him with congratulations upon his victory, and inquires concerning the fate to which he destined the prisoner:—"The gallows," answered Sir

Gidean, for he is said already to have acquired the honour of knighthood,—“to the gallows with the marauder.” Hout na, Sir Gidean,” answered the considerate matron in her vernacular idiom, “would you hang the winsome young Laird of Harden when ye have three ill favoured daughters to marry?” “Right, right,” answered the Baron who caught at the idea, “he shall either marry our daughter, mickled mouthed Meg, or strap for it.” Upon this alternative being proposed to the prisoner, he, upon the first view of the case, stoutly preferred the gibbet to “mickle-mouthed Meg,” for such was the nick name of the young lady, whose real name was Agness. But at length when he was literally led forth to execution, and saw no other chance to escape, he retraced his ungallant resolution, and preferred the typical noose of matrimony to the literal cord of hemp. Such is the tradition established in both families, and often jocularly referred to upon the borders. It may be necessary to add, that mickled-mouthed Meg and her husband were a very happy and loving pair, and had a very large family, to each of whom Sir William Scott bequeathed good estates, besides reserving a large one for the eldest.

[*Lond. Paper.*]

THE WIDOW GRIZZLE.

Mrs. Grizzle, in the sixty-first year of her age, remembers that she was once handsome, but she forgets that it was near forty year ago: she thinks herself still handsome, at least very likeable. The pardonable affectations of her youth and beauty, unpardonably continue to increase even with her

years, and are doubly exerted, in hopes of concealing the number. All the gaudy, glittering parts of dress, which rather degraded than adorned her beauty in its bloom, now expose to the highest and the justest ridicule, her shrivelled carcase.

She totters under the load of her jewels, embroideries, and brocades, which, like so many Egyptian hieroglyphics, serve only to authenticate the venerable antiquity of her august mummy. Her eyes dimly twinkle tenderness, or leer desire. Self-love, kept within due bounds, is a natural and useful sentiment. It is in truth social love too; as Mr. Pope has very justly observed; it is the spring of many good actions, and of no ridiculous ones. But self-flattery, is only the ape or caricature of self-love, and resembles it no more than is absolutely necessary to heighten the ridicule. Like other flattery, it is most profusely bestowed, and greedily swallowed where it is the least deserved.

QUARRELS

Between married and unmarried People distinguished.

Quarrels between lovers are tender melancholy; they melt, but not wound the heart: the deep scratches they give seem only made with the sharpest point of Cupid's feathered arrows, for which a few kind words, or a gentle smile are a healing balm, and the cure is immediate. When lovers storm, it is like the mild southern breezes, which a shower of heart-easing tears allays: but Matrimonial anger is blasting as the east, and boisterous as Boreas when he rages highest. Tears only increase the storm, as an-

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

THE MESSENGER OF LIGHT.

"Beautiful on the waters, are the feet of
them that bring glad tidings."

How beautiful her footsteps are,
That lightly o'er the wave,
Brings the glad tidings from afar ;
" Whose errand is to save."

Her robe so exquisitely white
No snow drop can compare,
Pure as the crystal stream of light,
And fairer than the fair.

Bright as the rising sun, appear
The beauties of her face :
Fair as the moon. No circling year
Diminishes her grace ;

Crown'd with a wreath of sparkling light,
She leads the glorious way
From regions of eternal night
To realms of endless day.

Obedient to divine command
She rears the olive tree ;
Spreads peace and joy o'er ev'ry land,
And sets the captive free.

Sweet to the sinful mortal's ears
Her mild melodious voice :
She says, and wipes away his tears,
My son, my son rejoice !

She is the harbinger of grace,
Deputed from above,
With pardon to a guilty race
And messages of love.

Tho' dark, mysterious the ways
Of Providence to man,
The steady lustre of her rays
Illuminates the plan.

Tho' dark the passage to the grave
She brightens up the way :
Her arm is never short to save
If sinners will obey.

The outcast exile, when he hears
The whisper of her voice,

Is taught to dissipate his fears,
To tremble and rejoice.

Hail her ye lands ! ye distant lands !
And bid her welcome then,
She comes, and where she comes commands
" Good-will and peace to men."

SUILENROC.

For the New-York, Weekly Museum.

THE CHRISTIAN'S CONSOLATION.

Hope, as an anchor firm and sure, holds fast
The Christian vessel and defies the blast.
COWPER.

Hope, thou imagin'd sweet seraphic form,
That oft doth quell life's early rising storm,
And bids portentous gloom then take its
flight,
That veils those scenes emerging to the sight.

Thy varying pinions soar above the rest,
And with thy power, sweet Hope, how are
we blest !

'Tis in thy beams which shed the enliv'ning
ray,
That points to gleamings of eternal day,

And calms the tumultuous feelings of the
soul,

That often o'er the glade of life will roll.
When wrap'd in low'ring moments of des-
pair,
And every foot-fal feels its rising care,

What can excite the bosom's warmest love
Like Hope ! whose greeting eye looks from
above,

When sins hang heavy as the darken'd night,
Her smile can fire the throbs of sweet
delight ;

Can fan Religion with that gentle glow,
That robs dark grief of every racking woe.
And when life's sure, and last evanescent ray
Foretells the soul must shortly wing its way,

Then, seated on her throne will Hope appear
And smiling shall expunge each rising fear ;
Pointing the magnet to the blest abode,
She'll whisper, " freed soul flee unto thy
God,"

ROLLA.

ODE TO THE DEITY.

Oh teach me ! Great Father of Light !
To bear my misfortunes below ;
My soul with the raptures excite
Which from deeds of benevolence flow.

Of this world permit me to share
Sufficient of riches and health,
To check in my bosom despair,
And keep back my fingers from stealth.

In a village remote from the great,
From flattery, contention, and shame,
May my mansion appear without state,
And oaks overshadow its frame.

Of fruit-trees and vines give me store,
Of fields and of meadows a few ;
Let a river run close by my door,
And a pars'nage enliven its view.

With friends let me garnish my hall,
Such friends as misfortune has tried,
Whom danger nor doubt can appal,
Or the vilest of mortals deride.

Let no one in tears, pass my cot,
To whom I can render relief ;
But may I make happy their lot,
And dry up the source of their grief.

A man's but a miser at best,
Who seeks not a partner below—
Grant me one on my bosom to rest,
Whom Pride nor Malevolence know.

Thus grant me, Great Father ! to live,
With Religion enliv'ning my heart,
And each moment to rapture I'll give,
Nor sigh when I'm call'd to depart.

OLD CICELY.

BY DR. WALCOT—PETER PINDAR.

My Cottage is fall'n to decay,
The tempest blows cold on my head,
Through the ruins the rains find their way,
And trickle cold tears on my bed.
I sigh from the night till the morn,
For alas ! I am old and forlorn !

My garden is cover'd with weeds,
Once so trim, and so usefully neat ;
There the toad on the aconite feeds,
From a hole in the old rotten seat.
I sigh, &c.

With murmurs so sweet on its way,
No longer the rivulet roves,
That made all the pastures so gay,
And purld in the days of our loves.
I sigh, &c.

The elm that once shaded our door,
And flourish'd and smil'd at the blast,
Now a sapless old trunk and no more,
Brings to mem'ry my youth that is past.
I sigh, &c.

The sparrows that chirped on the spray,
Droop their wings, the poor imps, & are
dumb,

No more they come flutt'ring away,
To beg of my bounty a crumb.
I sigh, &c.

No more to my labours I rise,
And work on the hill and the plain ;
Morn blushes in vain on the skies,
And the sun gilds my cottage in vain.
I sigh, &c.

Like a spectre I wander at night,
And fear not the horrors of shade,
For what can old CICELY affright,
Who sighs for the shroud and the spade ?
I sigh, &c.

Whenever I hear the lorn knell,
All solemn for one that is gone,
I wish to bid life a farewell,
And grieve that it is not my own.
I sigh, &c.

Forsaken I sit with a sigh,
On the crazy old bench at the door ;
And oft in my sorrows I cry,
"Thou wilt hear thy poor master no more."
I sigh, &c.

Good CORIN is laid in the ground,
To CICELY once tender and kind ;
The graves, too, my children surround,
They are gone and have left me behind,
I sigh, &c.

With life while this bosom shall beat,
Their mem'ries will ever be dear ;
Their names I will often repeat,
And crawl to their turf with a tear.
I sigh, &c.

And yet, to their graves when I go,
In sorrow and silence alone,
A comfort I feel in my woe,
As I read their sweet praise on the stone.
I sigh from the night to the morn,
For alas I am old and forlorn.

ther way in which it shows itself : the impression it leaves behind may be compared to the rankling wounds made by the poisoned arrows of the Indians, which fester and corrode, till they become fatal to the last remains of affection, destroying its very existence.

SANS FROID.

MYRTLE unsheath'd his shining blade,
And fix'd its point against his breast ;
Then gaz'd upon the wondering maid,
And thus his dire resolve express'd ;

" Since, cruel fair, with cold disdain,
You still return my raging love ;
Thought is but madness, life but pain,
And thus—at once—I both remove."

" O stay one moment," Chloe said,
And trembling, hasted to the door ;
" Here, Betty, quick ;—a *pail*, dear maid,
" This madman, else, *will stain the floor*."

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1815.

Intelligence.

A letter from Liverpool, of July 11, received in this city, says " A. Gallatin and H. Clay are now here on their way home, having concluded a Commercial Treaty with this country—and we believe ON THE PRINCIPLE OF A RECIPROCAL EQUALIZATION OF DUTIES IN THE SHIPS OF BOTH COUNTRIES, and we understand a bill is now before Parliament authorising the Prince Regent to anticipate the terms of the Treaty, and bring it into operation whenever he may think proper."

A letter from Robert Montgomery, esq. American Consul at Alicant, to the Secrefary of State, dated June 21, says, " I have the honor to inform you that by a letter this moment received from my vice-consul, Nicholas Briale, at Carthagena, I learn that the first division of our squadron, under com. Decatur, had appeared off that port,

and sent in an Algerine frigate of 44 guns and 500 men, captured off Cape de Gatt, after a short engagement, during which the commander of the Algerine was killed. Our loss consisted of four men."

Another account by the way of the Isle of May and Gibraltar, says the American squadron under com. Decatur had had a general engagement with an Algerine squadron of 5 frigates and smaller vessels, and had captured three of the frigates and a brig, and was left in chase of the other two frigates.

A letter from New-Orleans, dated the 21st ult. says, " It is with feelings of extreme regret I have to report the total loss of Gun-Boat No 152, sailing master John Johnson, commander.—She was struck with lightning in entering the North East passage of the Mississippi, which communicated to her magazine, and blew her up, by which most fatal accident, all her crew perished, except three, and they are dreadfully wounded. Her crew consisted of 21 persons."

The brig Legal Tender, (says the Boston Palladium) June 25, in lat. 21, 40 long. 52, at half past 4 P. M. while lying becalmed, saw an object about 30 yards distance, whose upper parts very much resembled a human being, its face being of a death like paleness. It was out of water several feet, and disappeared in about two minutes. Its lower parts, which could be discerned on the water's edge, appeared like a fish. This must have been a mermaid.

On Saturday afternoon last, at Bushwick, (L. I.) a Mr. John Browere, who was out a fowling, discovered, while in the act of levelling his piece at a flock of snipes, an Alligator within a few paces of the spot where he stood, in a swamp, making towards him ; when he instantly lodged the contents of the piece in the throat of the monster. He measures three feet six inches, and now adds to the catalogue of natural curiosities exhibited in Scudder's Museum in this city. How this

southern native came here must be left for the curious to find out.

An eastern gentleman of the name of Edwards, extensively engaged in the *Currying* business, it is said has lately *shaved* his friends and creditors pretty closely, having failed for the sum of 150,000 dollars.

Owing to the excessive heats in the month of July, great failures are likely to take place in the rice and corn crops in the southern states.

A Quebec paper of August 10, says, On Monday night last the frost was so severe in the vicinity of this city, as to destroy the leaves of the cucumber plants, pumpkins, beans, and other tender vegetables. Early on Tuesday morning ice was found in many places. A snow storm happened on the 20th of May; the trees not in leaf on the 4th June, and so severe a frost on the 7th of August, are novel features, even in the climate of Canada.

By the ship Woodrop Sims arrived at this port on Tuesday from Plymouth London dates to the 12th and Paris to the 8th ult. have been received, which state, That Paris capitulated the 4th of July, previous to which, it appears there had been some hard fighting in the neighbourhood of that city which induced it to surrender; and the French troops to retire from it; when the English and Prussian armies to the number of 50,000 entered it.

That Louis the 18th, with Talleyrand, and other civil and military officers, entered Paris the 8th July, the provisional government having previously been dissolved.

The king's proclamation promises rewards to the faithful, but that the existing laws will be put in force against the guilty, whose treason he says has caused so much blood to flow that the annals of the world has no example like it.

Bonaparte, with a number of his leading officers, it is said had made his escape, but nobody seems to know where.

Mr. Whitbread, the celebrated leader of the Opposition party in the British House of Commons, has committed Suicide by cutting his throat. The coroner's inquest returned a verdict of insanity.

Nuptial.

MARRIED,

By the rev. Mr. M'Clay, Mr. Caleb Sparwood, to Miss Mary Helm, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Pheobus, Mr. John Prevost, of Montreal, to Miss Eliza Keenan, of this city.

At Trenton, on Monday the 14th inst. Mr. George Ironsides, to Miss Mary M'Kay, both of New-York.

Obituary.

The city Inspector reports the death of 40 persons, during the week ending on the 19th day of Aug.—of whom 7 were men, 7 women, 14 boys, and 12 girls,

DIED,

Miss Elizabeth Morris.

Mr. William Rushforth, aged 50 years.

Mrs. Apionia Amerman, aged 74 years.

Mary, the widow of the late Henry Miller, aged 75.

Charles E. Tobey, late a Captain in the U. S. army, and aid to the late General Pike. —The circumstances of his death are truly melancholy. In a fit of insanity produced by violent fever, he threw himself from a fourth story window of Tammany Hall, and died almost instantly.

At Jamacia (L. I.) the rev. Dr. Faitoute, respectable for his piety, his learning and his age.

At Hartford, in the 57th year of his age, his honor Chauncey Goodrich, lieutenant governor of the state of Connecticut.

At Flatbush (L. I.) Mr. Richard Alsop, aged 58, found dead in his chair, supposed from a sudden attack of the gout in his stomach. Mr. Alsop, was a distinguished literary character.

At Bridgetown (N. J.) after a short illness, Mr. Abrose C. Hankinson, merchant, of this city.

On Wednesday (says a late Salem Gazette,) a man went into Hawks's mill in Lynnfield, and stole a pocket book, from a coat which was hanging up, belonging to Mr. Frederick Reynolds; it being soon after missed, he was pursued, and perceived riding upon a bare back horse which he had put in requisition, but which (not being a skilful equestrian) he afterwards abandoned, and trusted to his legs, which brought him to Morrison's tavern in Danvers; here he called for a mug of cider, and while the landlord went to get it, he stole some money from the draw of the bar, but was immediately detected and made to restore it. By this time Mr. Reynolds came in, and our hero was arrested, and the pocket book found upon him.

The officer and other men proceeded to bring him before Justice Savage, in this town: when they came into Market street, the fellow broke from them and rushed through the public entry of Central Building, where however he found his retreat cut off by the out buildings and fences, and was driven to take shelter in the necessary, where he made a stand, for some time, securing the door against the force applied to it by his pursuers: but a parly being held, he at length opened it by treaty, and immediately assailed the officer and his assistant with his fist, knocked or threw them down, and maintained a fight of ten minutes before he could be subdued; and again afterwards, under pretence of having something to confess or say aside to the officer, he gave him another blow, and made a new attempt to get away.

This scene was just before dark, while few gentlemen were in the offices; and when the noise attracted a few to the spot, the parties were so engaged that it was some time before they could ascertain the cause of the fight, and were principally struck with the complaint of the culprit, of the odds of two to one against him. He was at length obliged to yield, and was brought before the Justice, where his

boldness and hardihood were manifested by his words as before by his actions. He appeared to be a sailor, and called his name John Dean, Jack Thompson, &c and said he had recently arrived from Dartmore prison. The Justice ordered his commitment.

A TRAGICAL INCIDENT.

At an Indian wedding in the Phillipine islands, the bride retired from the company in order to go down to the river and wash her feet. As she was thus employed, an alligator seized her. Her shrieks brought the people to the place, who saw her between the monster's teeth, and just drawn under the water. The bridegroom instantly plunged after her with his dagger in his hand and pursued the ravisher. After a desperate conflict he made him deliver up his prey, and swam to shore with the body of his dead wife in his arms.

RETORT.

Some school boys one day meeting a woman driving asses, said to her,—“Good morning, mother of asses,”—“Good morning,” she replied, my dear children.”

FROM LONDON.

MRS. S. COOKE, Miliner, Fancy Dress, Pelice and Corsett maker, respectfully informs the Ladies of New-York and its vicinity, that she has opened in the above line, at No. 262 William-street, where, by an assiduous attention to the above branches, she hopes to merit the patronage of those Ladies who may please to favour her with their commands—Also, a good assortment of **THREAD LACES, LACE VAILS, &c.**

July 8.

(7 w.)

THE MUSEUM,

Is published every Saturday, as usual, at **THREE DOLLARS** per annum, or fifty-two numbers, by **JAMES ORAM**, No. 102 Water-Street, a little below the Coffee House, New-York. City Subscribers to pay *one half*, and country subscribers the *whole*, in advance.